

YOUTH'S PAGE

THE STRANGE ENCHANTED BAIT.

BY CHARLES RATTALL LOOMIS.
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Tom Loveland was going fishing. It was 8 o'clock at night and he was out to the barn, digging for worms and getting crickets, from beneath the stones that made walking so unpleasant in the barnyard. If his father had been anything of a farmer, he would have had the place of the barnyard, but that would have made it harder to get crickets, and like Tom, Ezra Loveland dearly loved



A GREAT AND ANGRY CLAMOR AROSE AMONG THE BRETHREN AND SISTERS.

to go fishing. Tom was going to start early next morning and drive to Clear Lake, about six miles distant. If he had good luck fishing, he was then going to Bassan Grove to sell the fish to the Methodists who were holding a camp meeting there.

While he was digging, his dog Shep began to growl. "What's the matter, Shep?" asked Tom, patting him on the head and then drawing forth a particularly fat worm from the earth. Shep's ruff was bristled and his eyes gleamed in the light of the lantern. Somebody was coming. Tom peered through the gloom, but saw no one. Just then he heard a voice that seemed to come out of a particularly big rock in front of him. "Do you want to know how to catch all the fish you can carry away?" said the voice. Tom was startled, but he heard of ventriloquists and he imagined that some one was playing a trick on him, as he said, "Why, sure. The more I have the more I'll sell. Where are you, anyhow?"

"I'm right in front of you, but you can't see me because you are a mortal and I'm not. Your dog sees me, though, and he's frightened stiff. Tell him he has nothing to fear from me. He can't hear me, he can only see me." Tom quieted the dog and told him to lie down, and Shep stopped growling and charged by his master's side. "I am a rock gnome," said the voice. "I and my brothers live in the rocks. Most of the farmers' neighbors want war on our side and want to get their living without disturbing us, and we have long wished to show that we appreciate the kindness of your going fishing."

"Yes," answered Tom, "I'm going fishing the first thing in the morning, and I'd like to get some rock bass, only worms are poor bait and crickets ain't much better, and there ain't any help-alonges around here." "I'll fix all that," said the voice. "When you have dug all the worms you want and caught all the crickets, leave them in a heap on the big rock that stands in front of the north barn door. The one that the horses have to step over every time they come in with a load of hay. That is the king of the gnomes and he'll take care of them. He will instruct the worms and the crickets to catch all the fish you want—rock bass, black bass, pickerel, perch and anything else the lake affords. They will be just as good as any fish that were ever caught, but they will only last until 7 in the evening. If you can sell them before that time they will be as fresh as when they were caught, but if you have them on your hands at 7, no matter whether you keep them on ice or not, they will all disappear. And this luck you may always have if you will promise never to blast or remove the rocks that lie all over the place."

"Well, sure," said Tom, and he found it all done in the morning. "Good-bye," said Tom, and dumped his bait on the big rock. Then he went in and told his father of the compact that he had made. "We got the best of that bargain, Tom, for I wouldn't touch those rocks for all the world. They were there when I was born, and I've had to dodge them in plowing ever since I could say 'see' to an ox, and they'll stay there when I'm laid away amid the carved rocks of the grave yard."

Tom was up betimes, and hurried out to the big rock. There lay the worms, moist and fresh and wriggling, but never offering to get away, and the crickets were all sitting in a bunch. He put them into tin boxes, then he

girth needed a visit to the harness makers, but judged it would last the day out, so he started for Clear Lake. The morning was cool and the birds were singing here and there, although most of the choristers had stopped their regular singing lessons early in the summer. The dew upon the jewel weeds made the blossoms look even more like jewels, and the plumes of golden rod were bright in the morning sun.

"If that old gnome knew what he was talking about I'll have fine luck, and those Methodists are great on fish. Why, I'll fill this wagon full and sell them all before 12 o'clock." So thought Tom when he started out, but after driving a mile or two he began to doubt whether he hadn't been dreaming, and he actually got out and caught a dozen crickets and a handful of fat grasshoppers, looking faith in the enchanted bait. Although why it wouldn't have done as well as any bait, enchanted or not, it might have puzzled him to explain.

A ride of an hour brought him to Clear Lake. It was well named, for there was no part of it so deep that you could not see the bottom. But there did not seem to be as many fish as usual. Here and there Tom saw a big bass or a pickerel, but for the most part the water looked like the business part of a great city on a Sunday, so few citizens were on the streets.

He baited his hook with one of the crickets he had just caught, but although he rowed to some of the best fishing places on the lake and fished

bait hardly in the water when he pulled out a large fat bass that weighed at least four pounds; it was the biggest fish that he had ever caught in his life and his delight was boy-like. He could have kicked himself to think of the hour lost with the ordinary bait, and he baited two hooks and cast them both out at once and pulled in a rock bass and a big perch. Then followed such fishing as was never enjoyed by mortal before. Some of the fish were so large that he had hard work hauling them in, but he didn't lose a fish, and by the end of an hour his boat was so full of floating fish wearers that he had to stop for fear of swamping it.

He rowed ashore and transferred his cargo to his wagon and found that he had over a hundred big bass, half as many pickerel and more perch than he could count.

He judged by the sun that it was about 10 o'clock. He ought to reach Bassan Grove by 12 and sell his fish in an hour and then he would reach home by 4 with the biggest pocket full of money that had ever come into the Loveland homestead.

He deluged the fish with a pail full of water to freshen them up and then he covered them over with a blanket, and putting Jess in the shafts he started for the grove. The morning was cool, the breeze was delightful and Jess swung along at a lively gait. As for Tom, he sang at the top of his lungs or whistled or shouted for joy. He would easily get \$50 for the fish even at the low price at which he would sell them, and that would buy a cow to take the place of the one that broke her leg on the stone in front of the stable door. The neighbors had said in the unpleasant way that neighbors have that if the rock hadn't been there the cow wouldn't have broken her leg and had to be shot, but Ezra had said that something just as bad might have happened and it was no use crying over spilled milk.

After Tom had gone a couple of miles he met a team coming from the grove. The man who was driving knew Tom slightly and he pulled up to talk to him. Tom gave him a peep at the fish and the man said, "Why, boy, you'll have 'em crazy. They're short on meat and you can sell those fish as fast as you can hand 'em out."

"Just how do you get 'em there?" asked Tom excitedly. "First road to your right, next to your left and then straight ahead," called out the man glibly as he drove off and disappeared around a turn in the road.

"I think he said first road to my left and then two to the right and then straight ahead, but I'm not sure. However, I can ask again."

But he did not meet another team, and at last, after driving two hours with no signs of the grove, he halted a man in a cornfield and asked him how far it was to camp meeting. "About fifteen miles. You're going in the wrong direction. Go back half a mile and then take the turnpike to the right and ride until you come to Kempton schoolhouse. Then ask some one else, for I'm not sure which road it is."

An hour later he found himself at the schoolhouse, but it was not the schoolhouse and there was no one to ask which of the two roads he must take. He took the upper road, which led down a steep hill, and he had to go down the hill very slowly indeed. That and the fact that

When he started again he found that Jess was lame. She had sprained her foot when the girl broke in her efforts to keep the wagon from running off down the hill, and she was now very slowly indeed. That and the fact that

the upper road was the wrong one, so delayed him that it was 8:30 o'clock when he finally drove into the camp meeting grounds. Half past six and in a half hour his fish would vanish!

He uncovered his stock and found himself at once the center of an eager crowd, who bought his fish as fast as he could sell them. All night have gone in spite of his slim margin of time if he had not made a mistake in giving change to a short, stocky little man with a long, waving white beard. It took him so long to rectify this mistake that the clock in the Presbyterian church at Oldfield sounded 7 while he had yet 100 big fish in his wagon.

In an instant every fish, bought and unbought, disappeared, and a great and angry clamor arose among the brethren and sisters. Tom was called many names not becoming to a camp meeting, and he would have been roughly handled if the man who had made the mistake that the clock in the Presbyterian church at Oldfield sounded 7 while he had yet 100 big fish in his wagon, had not been so large that he had him under his protection. He jumped in the wagon alongside of Tom, and seeing that he was out of the grounds, lashing his whip right and left, to free himself from hindering hands.

Once away from the clamorous crowd the roadway became astonishingly familiar, and Tom found they were not a mile away from home. He turned up the hill and found that the wagon was gone. In his place there was the voice of the gnome.

"You see, my boy, that it was no sort of good to give you such a chance to sell fish, because you didn't seize it properly. In the first place, you frittered away your time with ordinary bait, then you were inattentive to the instructions of the man you met, and then your harness broke through your neglect, and so you're out a day's time and all the nice fish are lost forever."

They were passing a huge rock, and Tom felt a cool breeze on his face and then the voice was silent.

He drove home silently himself until he remembered the money that he had received for the fish. Tom was an honest boy, and he knew that he had no right to keep the money, as the fish had not kept, so he took it out of his pocket. There were three big handfuls of dollars, dimes and quarters. He was passing over a bridge, and he flung all the money into the brook. "I never could return it to the owners, but I won't profit by it."

After that he felt happier, and drove home whistling.

His father met him at the barnyard. "What luck?" he asked. "None," said Tom with a smile. "You might have known there was no such thing as enchanted bait," said Ezra, with a superior air. And yet, if he had known what we know!

KILLED BY FRENCH OFFICERS.

British Resident in Paris Subjected to Bitter Persecution.

New York, Oct. 14.—A dispatch to the Times from Paris says: A great sensation has been caused here by the murder of an Englishman named Derrick, by French detectives at Dieppe. Derrick was so shockingly injured that a surgical operation had to be performed on him, with the result that gangrene intervened, and he died.

Derrick was set upon at the same time as his master, a wealthy Englishman named Captain O'Neill Murphy, who is a brother-in-law of Sir Charles Wolsey and a cousin by marriage of Lord Wolsey, the British commander-in-chief. Captain Murphy had incurred the wrath of the Dieppe casino officials because he had caused a director of the Casino to be condemned for swindling. The Casino and Dieppe casinos are under the management of the same man, an adventurer and gambler named Bloch.

Bloch, with the assistance of the local procureur of the republic, otherwise the public prosecutor, an official whom he had under his protection, caused Captain Murphy's footsteps to be dogged, and finally a night assault to be made upon him as a result of which Derrick lost his life.

Captain Murphy is one of the most respected English residents of Paris. He is a brother of D. P. Murphy of San Francisco. In spite of his passport and credentials he was hauled off to jail, stripped and measured, and finally sentenced to eight days' imprisonment for protecting his own house

against armed thieves, who had attacked it in the name of the law. The British consul is attempting to bring the murderers of Derrick to justice. English feeling is intensely excited about the incident, which is likely to have important consequences.

FOR COAST DEFENSE.

Government to Begin Work on Large Piece of Engineering at Frisco.

San Francisco, Oct. 14.—It is stated that the government will begin work next week on one of the largest pieces of defensive engineering to be placed at any port of the coast. The project has long been under consideration, and now the plans are all prepared for the workmen to begin.

It is the construction of huge works of masonry, earth, sand and rock for

the installment of some of the largest guns that have ever come to this state on the high hills between Sutter heights and the old city cemetery. The fortifications, when complete, will be the best at this port, as the guns will command a full sweep of the ocean for miles along the coast. They would be particularly destructive to a hostile fleet endeavoring to enter the bay.

LORENZO DOW IS DEAD.

Pioneer Miner Passes Away at His Home in New York.

New York, Oct. 14.—Lorenzo Dow is dead at his home in this city, aged 72 years. He was born in Paris. When the gold fever broke out in 1849, he went to the Pacific coast, and for several years was engaged there in prospecting for and in operating mines.

He then crossed the Sierra Nevada mountains and pitched his tent on the alkali lands which are now covered by the business part of Virginia City. He became interested in the silver mines of that region, and contributed largely to their development.

It Saves Children's Lives.

White's Cream Vermifuge cures your child against one serious danger. It promptly rid's it of worms. It acts thoroughly, but is just as harmless as a children's remedy should be. Has been sold for years and received the warmest praise of grateful mothers everywhere. If your child is peevish, restless, if its breath is bad, if it picks its nose or starts in its sleep, suspect the presence of worms. Health and right growth cannot come until the trouble is removed. Cream Vermifuge cannot fail. Price, 25 cents.

After the war Mr. Dow went to South America, where he engaged in several mining enterprises. He also conducted a considerable business in

the exportation of mulework and other native goods. Returning to this country, Mr. Dow settled in Colorado, where he again engaged in mining. The town of Silverton was largely developed through his efforts.

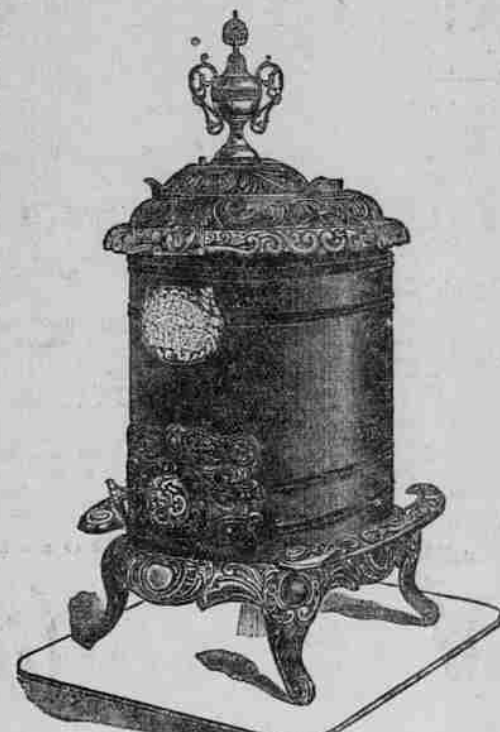
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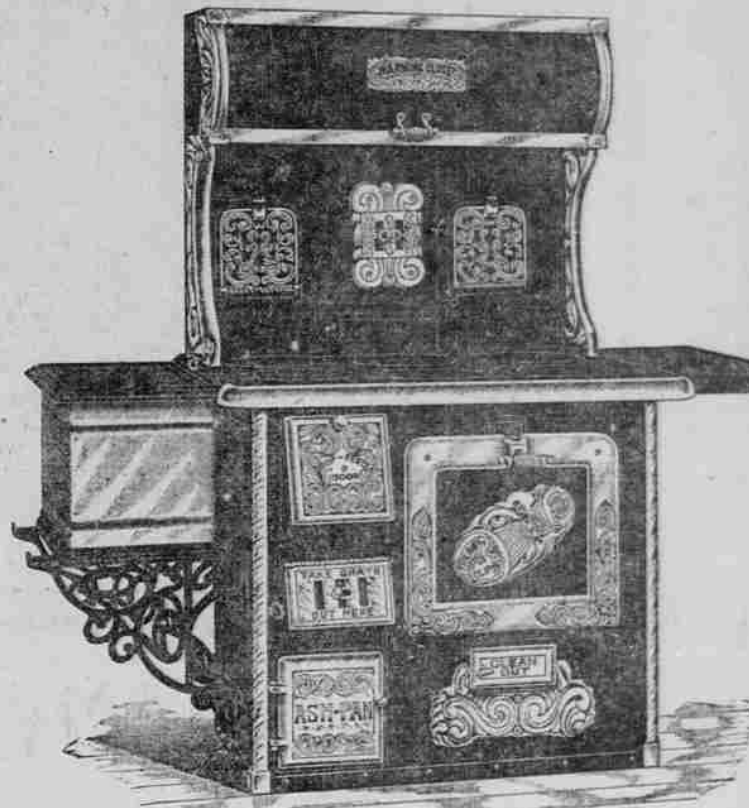
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OCTOBER STORMS.

Are you prepared? We are. You should be. We can help you. Would a GOOD LUCK, down draft Hot Blast Heating Stove or a GOOD LUCK Steel Range make life worth living? We think so. Come in and let us argue the point.



GOOD LUCK HOT BLAST.



THE GOOD LUCK STEEL RANGE.

We have hundreds of articles that will help bear the "White Man's Burden." Coal Hods, Shovels, Stove Pipe, Elbows, Stove Boards, Thermometers, Oil Heaters, Oil Cloth, Binding, etc.

SPECIAL SALE OF BERGEN CUT GLASS.

We again inaugurate our weekly sales in the Grocery Department, and this week have decided to slaughter prices on the Finest Cut Glass.

8-inch Mappy, Boston Cutting, regular price \$7.00; this week,	\$3.95	Cut Glass Water Bottle, Boston Cutting, worth \$4.00; this week,	\$2.38
8-inch deep Bowl, Boston Cutting, worth \$5.00; this week	\$4.45	Sugar and Cream, large size, Fine Prism Cutting, worth \$5.00 pair,	\$3.15
Water Pitcher, Daisy Cutting, large size, worth \$3.00	\$1.68	Knife Rests, Genuine Cut Glass,	25c up
Tumblers to match, each	29c	Fine Haviland China Dinner Sets, 100 pieces	\$25

A visit to our various departments will greatly surprise you at the wonderful variety of new goods and the Low Prices.

Geo. M. Scott-Strevell Hardware Co., Scott's Old Store, 168 Main Street.

Gentlemen's Shoes.
pair, all sizes, both for Ladies' and

P. S.—Rubber Heels on your winter shoes prevent slipping and that "tired feeling." Try them; 50c a

NEW YORK CASH STORE EVERY DAY THIS WEEK

NOTICE. We Put on Sale This Week our entire purchase of Shoes, Ladies' Underskirts, Outing Flannel Gowns, Men's, Ladies' and Children's Underwear and Ladies' Wrappers bought while in the eastern market at Unusually Low Prices. Don't miss this Chance to lay in your winter's Supply. **NOTICE.** Tickets on Decorated China or Glassware or Trading Stamps Given.

Ladies' Underskirt Sale.

Ladies' Black Moire Taffeta Skirts, with deep double ruffle, \$1.25 value, this week,

89c

Ladies' Fine Fancy Stripes Moire Taffeta Skirts, with wide lined ruffles, \$1.50 value, this sale,

\$1.09

Ladies' Extra Heavy Black Moire Taffeta Skirts, \$1.60 value, this sale,

\$1.12

Ladies' Fine Fancy Stripes Moire Taffeta Skirts, double row of lined ruffle, \$1.75 value, this sale,

\$1.33

Ladies' Heavy Fine Plain Black Sateen Skirts or Metallic Stripes, 12-inch width, lined ruffle, \$2.50 value, this sale,

\$1.98

Ladies' Fine Skirts, Metallic Stripes, \$3.00 value, this sale,

\$2.29

Ladies' Outing Flannel Nightgown Sale.

Ladies' Light Stripes Outing Flannel Gowns, braid trimmed and yoke, 85c value, this sale,

59c

Ladies' Fancy Outing Flannel Gowns, fancy yoke, solid color, cuffs and collar, \$1.00 value, this sale,

79c

Ladies' Plain Pink, Blue or Cream Baby Outing Flannel Gowns, braid trimmed, \$1.35 value, this sale,

98c

Ladies' Plain Fine Blue, Pink and Cream Outing Gowns, lace trimmed, \$1.50 value, this sale,

\$1.19

Ladies' Fancy Outing Flannel Gowns, colored, embroidery trimmed, button on side, \$1.75 value, this sale,

\$1.39

Ladies' Extra Fine Cream, Blue and Cream Twilled Outing Gowns, cream lace trimmed, \$2.25 value, this sale,

\$1.63

Children's Underwear Sale.

Infants' White Jersey Wool Vests, all sizes,

25c

Child's Gray Merino Vests, from

5c and up

Child's Fine Jersey Fleece Vests and Pants,

10c and up

Child's Natural Wool Vests and Pants, from

15c and up

Boys' Heavy Jersey Yeager Fleece Lined Shirts or Drawers, all sizes,

25c

Boys' Heavy Jersey Silver Fleece Lined Drop Seat Union Suits, age 3 to 14, this sale,

25c

Ladies' Underwear Sale.

Ladies' Heavy Gray or Cream Jersey Fleece Vests or Pants, silk trimmed and silk tape neck, gusset sleeve, pearl buttons, this sale,

25c

Ladies' Extra Quality and Weight in Silver Gray or Cream Jersey Vests or Pants, silk lace and tape-trimmed neck and front, gusset sleeve, pearl buttons, this week,

45c

Ladies' Cream or Silver Gray Jersey Fleece Union Suits, silk lace and tape-trimmed neck and across chest, all sizes, this week,

45c

Ladies' Extra Heavy Jersey Fleece, Full Fashioned Shape, Silk Finished and Finished Seams, 75c value, this sale,

50c

Ladies' Fine Yeager Jersey Wool Fleece Vests or Pants, silk lace and tape neck and front, gusset sleeve, this week,

75c

An Elegant Line of Ladies' Fine Union Suits, from

95c up to \$3.00

Twelve Hundred Pairs of Fine Shoes that were bought while in the eastern market arrived last week.

BEAT THEM IF YOU CAN!



200 Pairs of Ladies' Dongola Shoes, lace or button, coin toe, with patent tip, size 2½ to 7, worth \$1.50, this sale,

\$1.19

ANOTHER LOT CHEAPER, FOR

98c

Special Sale of Boys' and Youth's Shoes.

Lot No. 121, 263 pairs of Boys' and Youth's Veal Calf, three soles, lace, standard screw fastening, all solid, worth \$1.50 and \$1.75, sizes 13 to 9,

\$1.15

Sizes 3 to 5,

\$1.29

169 Pairs Boys' and Youth's Satin Calf, coin toe, lace, worth \$1.50, sizes 12 to 2,

98c

Sizes 3 to 5,

\$1.15

197 Pairs of Ladies' Fine Soft Dongola Kid Shoes, flexible soles, coin toe, patent tip, very stylish, sizes 2½ to 8½, worth \$2.25,

\$1.59



243 Pairs of Children's and Misses' Pebble Grain, with low heel, solid counters and inner soles, sizes 9 to 2, worth \$1.35, sale,

98c

THIS IS A SNAP.

Children's and Misses' Kangaroo Calf, button, solid throughout, the best school shoe on earth, new stock, E and EE, sizes 5 to 8

85c

Sizes 8½ to 11,

\$1.15

Sizes 11½ to 2,

\$1.39